APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

1348
PARIS
FRANCE

MY OH MY...

WHAT A TABLEAU.

?

PARIS REALLY IS A BREEDING GROUND FOR PRODIGIOUS BEAUTY.

ÊTES... ÊTES VOUS MÉDECIN MON SEIGNEUR ?

AM I A DOCTOR?

NO, I SUPPOSE NOT...

BUT I DO TEND TO THOSE IN NEED.

PITIÉ MONSEIGNEUR, DE GRÂCE, AIDEZ MON ENFANT...*

*: PLEASE MY LORD, I BEG YOU, HELP MY CHILD...

AW COME HERE, CHILD.

WHAT A PRECIOUS THING.

SO FRESH AND WARM, SO PLENTIFUL...

MY LITTLE ONES WILL BE DELIGHTED.

LOOK BOY, SEE HOW EXCITED THEY ALREADY ARE.

AH, SUCH MARVELOUS HASTE.

THEY DO MULTIPLY FAST AT THAT AGE.

MAIS... QUE FAITES VOUS ?!

TENDING TO THOSE IN NEED.

YOUR SON'S IMMUNE SYSTEM WAS IN THE WAY.

NOW MY CHILDREN ARE FREE TO SPREAD AND CONTINUE THEIR WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT.

LA MORT... VOUS...

VOUS ÊTES LA MORT NOIRE!

THE BLACK DEATH? AH! BITE YOUR TONGUE.

I AM LIFE ITSELF, YOU IGNORANT SWINE!

LIFE ITSELF?

LITTLE OVER THE TOP, DON'T YOU THINK?

?

WHO... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, YOU PROCACIOUS FOOL?

SOMEONE LIKE YOU. SOMEONE THAT MATTERS.

A COLLEAGUE, YOU MIGHT SAY.

WE'VE ACTUALLY BEEN ON YOUR TRAIL EVER SINCE YOU LEFT MARSEILLE.

I WISHED WE'D KNOWN YOU WERE HEADING BACK TO GREAT BRITAIN. WE COULD HAVE JUST WAITED FOR YOU THERE.

WE? WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?

WHO'S WE?

THOSE WHO KNOW YOU BY YOUR TRUE NAME, PESTIS.

THOSE WHO SHARE YOUR DESTINY AND HAVE NOW COME FORTH.

THE CHOSEN ONES.